

The Saturday Evening Post.

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CONDITIONS.

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A Letter Box will be found at the gate (No. 53 Market street) where Advertisements and Communications may be deposited—or they will be thankfully received in the Office back.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

TO MY WIFE.

The village lass to rustic lover wed,
With timid joy regards the nuptial bed,
While crimson tinges deck her lovely face
First shrinks from, then meets the fond embrace,
So now my muse unus'd to scenes like this,
With fear and pleasure feels your courting kiss—
She yields—is yours—obeys your friendly call:
Your smile, or censure bids her stand or fall.

THE ALPHABET.

And must I quit these busy scenes at last?
Beauty, wealth, and pleasure leave behind?
Can future time yield blessings like the past?
Doubt not, inquirer, fortune will be kind.

Elate with hope, not groundless, nought I fear,
Fame, with honour join'd, a noble guide,
Gives certain promise of a blest career:
How, prithee, then can aught of ill betide?

I covet not the charms of glittering wealth,
Justice, from all, with woman's fond regard,
Knowledge, increasing, competence and health,
Leave me but these, I'll count no fortune hard.

Marking at large shall share my purse and skill,
Not rich, not servile, but with manly pride
Of temperate pleasure I'll partake my fill.
I fear yet honest, who will dare deride?

Quiet shall flow the crimson flood of life,
Reason at helm direct my bark in peace,
Secure from ill, I'll shun all needless strife,
Till nature's parent bids existence cease.

Unmolested should death's awful front appear,
Vice and envy shall rejoice alone—
Why do I pause? Why falls the pearly tear?
Xerxes' thoughts on frailty are my own.

Yield then your b' waist, till in death,
Zephyr to heaven, waft my willing breath.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

To Mr.

Hail'd that ever lov'd like me,
And had thy vows been e'er sincere,
I would not now be left by thee,
To shed the vain, regretful tear.

Could that affection be unfeign'd,
When e'er thy solemn vow was broke,
And rapture to indifference chang'd?
Forsooth short word in anger spoke?

No, Henry! 'twas a transient glow
That burn'd within thy fickle breast—
For all false Youth, too well I know,
Another has that heart possess'd.

CONSTANCE.

May 25, 1832.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

SONG—Tune, "Love has Eyes."

My Love's away,
To sea, they say,
Fate decreed we must part;
Though absent far,
Mid' toils of war,
Hope whispers to my heart,
Though distant on the stormy main,
She softly says, we'll meet again.

My love is true,
For long I knew,
Falseness ne'er fill'd his breast;
Where honest glows,
And kindness flows,
Love ever there will rest;
And, still through all my grief and pain,
Hope tells me, we will meet again.

CONSTANCE.

May 25, 1832.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

To Miss C.—

When first I saw thy lovely face,
Adorn'd with every flowing grace,
Joyful emotions on me press'd,
With secret pleasure thrubb'd my breast;
Enraptur'd, soon I sought thy charms,
And was receiv'd with open arms—
Thy love was all my joy—in fine,
I hop'd, ere long, to make thee mine.
But oh! what deep remorse and smart,
What poignant anguish wrung my heart,
When from thy presence I was spur'd,
And all thy love to hatred turn'd.
Now thorns and thistles round me grow,
And nought on earth can cheer my woe;
Now cares and sorrows on me press,
I'm forc'd to little—pined less.
But I, dear girl, will think on thee,
Thou' thou art ever lost to me,
Thine iv'ry teeth, thy rapt lips,
Thy cheek that Sharon's rose outstrips,
Thy winning eyes, enchanting air,
Might well a sticer's prayer ensnare.
Thou' rob'd of these, I calm can be,
And smile—for thy felicity
Is still my ne'er-unceasing prayer—
May'st thou connubial blessings share.

CORYDON.

INTEGRITY.

Happy the breast which feels no guilty joy,
Nor tastes the pleasures won by smooth deceit,
Which knows each precious moment to employ,
In something which is truly good, or great.

Pale Envy, then may breathe her deadly sighs,
Or Avarice's blasting influence diffuse,
Secure the soul of Innocence shall rise,
Nor devils harm, what falsely they accuse.

THE BONNET.

Who's the maid with face so fair,
With tiny hand and glove upon it,
With modest look and auburn hair,
And the curl beneath the bonnet.

With pouting lip and rosy cheek,
And modest dimple on it,
And eye of blue that seems to speak
No kind beneath the bonnet.

The graceful step of fairy foot,
With tiny slipper on it,
Oh! who could mark, and then be mute,
Such charms beneath the bonnet?

Where's the form and grace too,
To swell the song or sunset:
Where's the look that is so true,
As the smile beneath the bonnet.

Moral and Religious.

"O! how to virtue, lost to many thought,
Lost to noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone."

Cheerless and comfortless must be the life of that person who dwells to be alone—who prefers the most frivolous and insipid amusement, to calm and sober reflection. It has been deemed somewhat extraordinary that mankind in general know so little of themselves—that every person is more blind to his own failings, than to those of his neighbor—this, however, will not be found very remarkable, when it is considered, that most men seek an acquaintance with every body else rather than themselves. We willingly pass an hour in conversation with a neighbor—we scrutinize his character and conduct—we notice all his errors, his blemishes, his weaknesses; and we do not hesitate to suggest a mode of reformation. But how seldom do we bestow this trouble on ourselves—How loth are we to pass even a moment in solitude. How unwilling are we to search into our own hearts. With what reluctance do we observe our own frailties and follies; and how slow, how criminally negligent are we in reforming ourselves. Men loves himself better than any body else; and yet there is no one whose company he so much dreads.

SUNDAY.—What subject is better calculated for contemplation on this day, than the brevity of life, and the uncertainty of every earthly enjoyment? We hold our lives on a precarious tenure, and are liable to instant removal by Him, "in whom we live, move and have our being"—this hour, dearest connections and most valuable friends appear in the pride and loveliness of youth—the next, ruffled in a ghastly shroud, the unwept equipage of death!—Happy the man who can on this day settle within himself, and review those years which are gone forever, with pleasurable satisfaction—this is a luxury which only those who delight in relieving the distressed, pouring wine and oil in the wounded spirit—soothing by kind offices, the pillow of wretchedness and disease, can ever truly feel—and look with exulting confidence "to another and a better world." For that Being who is emphatically styled the "God of Love," who delights in acts of beneficence and mercy, will ever reward the individual who considers every child of misfortune his brother, and who can weep, feelingly weep, over the misfortunes of his fellow man, and endeavour, by acts of benevolence and charity, to ameliorate the misfortunes incident to humanity, and wipe away every tear from the eye of misery.

How long must unhappy mortals continue to put on the weed of mourning, for the loss of friends?—the sable garb and melancholy countenances which continually meet our view in the assemblies of the living, wound the feelings of sympathy, and tell us this mournful truth, that the Grave is the end of all. In vain do we attempt to shun its dark and damp embrace. The infant, ere it can lift its mother's name, and the sportive child, must die. The youth, flushed with the bloom of spring, and rejoicing in health, suddenly droops, and falls in silence. Middle age dies like corn in summer. Old age is like the ripe and bending corn—has but a short way to fall—and dying, speaks the decay of nature. Disease, famine, and the sword—Time's Executioners—like wolves upon the watch, wait the unhappy victim at every corner, and he escapes one only to fall a prey to the other. To the trembling wretch, whose brow is blackened with the consciousness of crime, they come armed with tenfold terrors; but to the man of truth, like indifferent visitors, they are admitted, and he feels nothing but the inevitable blow.

THE OBSERVER—No. III.

Varium et mutabile semper.—Virgil.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

MY NEIGHBOUR.

I am a man possessed of a pretty competent fortune, with a wife and several children, and by my industry, taking care to observe a proper medium between extravagance and parsimony, I have been enabled to keep up a respectable and genteel appearance. You are to know, I dwell in one of the most pleasant and fashionable parts of the city. Next door to me, on the one side, is a Boarding-House of the first standing, the mistress of which, a middle aged bustling sort of a woman, for want of proper management, (I know not what else,) is continually borrowing something or other, such as spoons, glasses, china, chairs, &c.—Nor is it only now and then, for if it were I should not complain, but it is repeated almost every day. Oftentimes are we put to the most serious inconvenience by this means—you shall judge. A short time ago, a servant was dispatched into my house, with Mrs. Botherin's compliments, who requested the loan of a number of wine glasses; so many, however, that it left our family with but three, she having had a considerable increase of boarders that day. I was fully refusing such an unreasonable demand, but my wife, (who is, without flattery, one of the best of "women-kind," and withal of such a gentle disposition as would lend every thing rather than disoblige any one,) argued so strongly that I was forced to let them go with as good a grace as possible. But as ill luck would have it, imme-

diately after, several friends of mine happened to drop in, and it being nearly our dining hour, I invited them to stay, which they politely assented to. We sat down—the cloth was removed, and there stood the three glasses full in view—I had hoped that my wife, although it would have been a painful task to her, had sent in to reclaim those which our neighbour had borrowed—but in this I was mistaken. There was seven of us at table, and of course we could not all be supplied from the few glasses which were remaining—in this dilemma, a thought suggested itself that some of them might possibly decline drinking—Mr. Such-a-one, (said I, mentioning his name,) shall I have the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with you—no great pleasure, thinks I to myself—"Certainly," replied he, and immediately filled. Hope still clinging to me, perhaps the others will not choose any, and all might yet be well—I addressed them generally, wishing by that maneuver to escape, "Gentlemen, will some of you take some wine?"—but here again I had reason to find fault with Mrs. Botherin, for they all unhesitatingly complied with my invitation, and I was compelled to make an apology, by stating the case to them, when they very good humoredly agreed to use tumblers. Now, could any thing be more provoking than this? Methinks I hear some sympathetic souls advising me to remove—to quit an elegant mansion, delightfully situated, on which I have bestowed numerous improvements, for the sake of ridding myself of such a troublesome acquaintance. O temples! O walls! The difficulties attending such a change would counter-balance the benefits I might derive from it.

As I was loth to say anything to Mrs. Botherin, I could think of no better plan than publishing the above in your entertaining paper, which I know she will get a sight of, and must be blind indeed if she does not apply it to herself. R. E.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

THE VILLAGE BRIDAL.

"The kirk is deck'd at morning tide,
The tapers glimmer fair;
The Priest and Bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there."

The first glance of the morning had tipped with gold the loftiest trees of the forest, the glittering foliage quivered in the sun-beam, the far off tolling from the parish church hung listlessly on the ear, and all nature appeared sunk in the vacant indolence so peculiar to a summer morning in our "country of the sun."

As I strolled languidly up the little valley, in the bosom of which, hardly discernible from the density of the grove by which it was surrounded, stood the church, sometimes pausing to listen to the melody of the lark, who, perched upon a tree, carroll'd blithely to the rising sun. The notes reverberated along the valley and filled it with music, occasionally interrupted by the melancholy scream of the bittern, who flew far over us bending his solitary course to his mountain home, until the pale fac'd moon, the queen of night, should again resume her empire in the heavens.

The God of the harvest had shed his blessings upon the land, the field groined beneath the waving grain, and the fruit tree bent under its load.

On entering the church, I conjectured, from the flowers with which the altar was fancifully ornamented, that a marriage was to be solemnized—nor was the idea erroneous, for the party now were approaching.

The Bride, a beautiful young lady of eighteen years, was led by her father to the foot of the altar—A wreath of roses, intermingled with lilies, were entwined in her auburn hair, which lay on her ivory neck in rich ringlets, while the expression of her countenance seemed to mock the splendour of the scene. The pallid hue of care was there, and her swollen eye-lids appeared hardly capable of repressing the tears which struggled for a passage. My heart rose to my lips at the sight of the "lamb led to the sacrifice."

At this moment the Bridegroom appeared—his age could not have been under fifty, and his countenance betrayed the existence within him of every passion calculated to chill the warm heart of a susceptible girl. A physiognomist would read legibly engraven there; irritability, avarice, jealousy. But he was rich—the lady was in poverty, and her father believed gold to be the only thing essential.

As the venerable priest pronounced the benediction, a convulsive groan from the opposite aisle drew my attention. The person from whom it proceeded, reclined against a pillar, enveloped in a mantle, regarding the ceremony with the most earnest attention. The mournful sound had also attracted the notice of the poor Bride, who, after casting a hasty glance in the direction, shrieked and fainted. She was speedily recovered, and the marriage rites concluded—the pagan left the church, while I lingered behind, deeply pondering on the scene I had witnessed.

On enquiry at the village, I was informed briefly, Adolph, the man whose agony I had witnessed, was long a favoured lover of the Bride, but the stern fiat of her father had not only forbidden their union, but had compelled her marriage with the wealthy

dotard who courted her acceptance.—The evening after the ceremony Adolph suddenly disappeared, and I prosecuted my journey.

Scarcely a twelvemonth had elapsed ere my vagrant disposition led me again to the same village. Again Ceres waved her golden arms o'er the fertile earth, and again the dull lengthened chime from the church summoned me thither. But how differently the peal broke upon the ear—before, it was the tolling of joy and revelry; it was now the knell which ushered a fellow being to the tomb—it was the funeral of the lady whose marriage I had witnessed under the same roof. She had meekly submitted to the commands of her parent, and wedded the object of her detestation.—Broken hearted at the loss of her lover, the woe of despair had revelled in her heart, and she gladly hailed the harbinger of dissolution.—The coffin rested on the foot of the altar where I had seen her kneeling—and her father, writhing under the punishment of his own reflections, leaned against the very pillar which had supported Adolph.

As the coffin was consigned to the earth, a door on the opposite side of the building flew open, and a man rushed wildly up the aisle, and gazing convulsively for a moment in the grave, precipitated himself into it. He was taken to the village, and every attention paid him, but in vain—He expired the same evening, and was buried in the grave of his Amelia. It was Adolph.

RAYMOND.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

THE BRIEF REMARKER.

To a mind delighting to dwell upon the rapid dissemination of knowledge, and to trace its effects upon the most powerful nations, none afford so ample a field as America; that happy country, destined by an all-wise Providence, to rise pre-eminently great, and with all the majesty of Rome to celebrate within herself, things the most important and useful. Look back but a few centuries, and admire the pleasing contrast. Then the wild beasts of the forest roved unrestrained—then, those fair streams whose ports now filled with ships, were alone navigated by the Indian's canoe. Instead of the busy hum of civilisation reverberating from the shores, there was a mournful and piercing yell of triumphing barbarians. Who could anticipate so wonderful a change? May we not truly exclaim, "the ways of Providence are unsearchable and replete with wisdom!" What now presents itself to the admiring spectator? A country in the highest state of civilization—refined nearly in the same degree of manners and customs with that from which the inhabitants of this nation emanated. Literature is fast disseminating its enlightening beams over its surface. Genius has already given sufficient demonstrations of its abode among our countrymen. The specimens of mechanic arts exhibited to the world, have brought forth the humiliating confession from British Reviewers, that in this department America stands rival to England. Under such happy auspices of future renown, why need we heed the foul aspersions, foreigners have cast upon it? Sacrificing every jealous idea of our prosperity at the shrine of truth and justice, they represent us, as but just emerging from a state of barbarism. Prejudiced perhaps, from their infancy against these "rebel provinces," as they term them, they come out here as faithless chroniclers of our manners and customs. This is no hypothesis. It is what will be seen in their "travels."—We know it to be false; and we are assured that if the productions of Literature and Art meet with sufficient encouragement, Americans will in a short time justify the predictions of its future importance.

A PEEP AT MEXICO.

The following particulars relating to the City of Mexico, are extracted from a letter addressed to a gentleman in Kentucky, by his brother, dated the 8th of January, 1832.

"On the 25th of November we arrived at the great City of Mexico, distant from Vera Cruz, about three hundred miles. The main road leading from one of these cities to the other is the best I ever travelled, although the country through which it passes is the most mountainous I ever beheld—Mexico is surrounded by mountains, some of which are covered with snow all the year; they afford a grand and splendid prospect from the city, where gardens are covered with flowers and other vegetable productions at all seasons of the year. I have seen ripe peaches in the morning at the foot of a mountain, and in the evening, after having passed the mountain, have seen orchards in bloom.

This country produces all the fruits of the West Indies, as well as those of North America; the apple comes to great perfection; the watermelon may be had every day in the year, potatoes, and in fact every thing that man can wish for, may be produced here, though the inhabitants live wretchedly; the city is filled with poor; you are attacked at every corner of the street by beggars—a large number of whom are able to work, but have been raised in indolence, and can do nothing except ride or back a mule, which is their only mode of transportation.

I have been informed that at the time Cortes conquered the city, it contained two hundred thousand inhabitants, and at the commencement of the revolution, one hundred and seventy thousand; at this time the population is calculated at one hundred and twenty thousand, two thirds of which are Indians, the most ignorant, superstitious and indolent people I have ever seen—they have been priest-ridden, and king-ridden, until they are neither fit for soldiers, sailors, or citizens. I have frequently visited the old palace of Montezuma, and have been in the room which he filled with gold to purchase peace of the Spaniards. I have likewise seen the large stone that Montezuma and his people worshipped—this stone is made to resemble the sun, and is about eight feet in diameter, of solid stone, on which is carved the figure of all the animals in the halting this country—is now put in front of the Cathedral as an ancient ornament. At this time I inhabit a part of the Viceroy's palace: it is a splendid building, and calculated to quarter twenty thousand dragoons; the lower story is all stables and granaries—the second, quarters for the soldiers—the third, offices of the government."

COMMUNICATION.
MEXICO. Editors—I am again unwillingly dragged into the arena, to borrow the emphatic phrase of an enlightened modern writer, with whom emphasis and truth go hand in hand; and before I retire, if I cannot convince your correspondent of the justice of his former remarks, I shall at least prove his utility in endeavouring to argue without grounds, and how unfounded his conclusions are, if he imagines that my silence is to follow as a consequence of his pertinacity, or that I shall calmly submit myself to his war of windy words—that he has been so mistaken he ingeniously makes no scruple of declaring; this according to, let me premise to him, what were the reasons that induced him to think that I should remain inactive when there was such a scope for useful retribution—did he imagine that I should tamely submit to his unnecessary, and, I repeat, unjustifiable aspersions, and leave him deliberately to plume himself on the extension of calumny that might have resulted from, and indeed the ostensible object of, his communication. This declaration indicates on his part a kind of conscious necessity in his own impotence that will not accord with the better feelings of independent minds, and operates at best but little to his advantage.

I am aware, gentlemen, that the expressions of honest indignation may be often construed into the mere wordy breathings of irritated passion, by those who have neither passion in their language or minds; and, perhaps, the "passion" attributed to me by your sagacious correspondent was more honourable and indeed praiseworthy, than that predetermined intention on the part of your Votary of Thesis at defamation and injudicious, which is so unappetizingly evident was his professed design—Mine was the enthusiasm that glowed in the cause of right; and though I am willing to be censured in the means, I will find few, I hope, heartless enough to condemn my end.

What consolation, gentlemen, are we to put on the paradoxical proposition in his first piece other than the one I have assigned to it? What other inference can we draw from it than that it applies most pointedly to the cause of our present discussion, and who with the slightest predisposition of judgment can attach to it any other meaning than the *literal* sense I have taken it in. In the plenitude of his discernment he has thought fit to arraign my willful ignorance in perverting its sense, but again he most ungenerously refuses to give the least satisfaction on the subject, leaving infinitely more room for surmises as to what might have been his intended meaning, than opportunities to ensure me for subverting it. This is a miserable subterfuge from common sense or reason, and is utterly and unbecomingly unfair.

It occurs to me, gentlemen, that I did not speak of it the transitory applause of a few friends; nor anything to that purpose; where as the justice in an assertion of this kind so unappetizing by truth. It is true I did speak of the universal approbation of the house and the consequent hopes of success to be anticipated from such manifestation of good feeling; and I will be hardly enough again to repeat, that as such they were mere testimonies in my favour, as any young man's correspondent could say to endeavour to prove the contrary.

I am accused of partiality in my opinion, an accusation that moves me 'not a jot,' but one which your *unknown* correspondent cannot be allowed to have the slightest reason to substantiate; and which was still very unnecessary as it could prove nothing on either side; what follows leaves me abundant reason to tax him on the score of his modesty and diffidence—he, forsooth, has had opportunities of judging of oratory, and unhesitatingly denies the talent of judging it in others; with all due deference to his discrimination, I think I may be allowed to put my judgment in competition with his, without outraging in any sense the modesty of comparison. His assuming a superiority over me in this way does his modesty and penetration little credit—it may impeach my judgment, but it certainly is not the less free from arrogance in him.

"The application of a few friends," and the *notable* ever ready to gratify their clamorous propensities," &c., all those that were unbecomingly enough not to be included in the number of his friends, are obliged to come under the complimentary phrase of the "notable rabble." For the sake of justice, gentlemen, I would hope that this had never been penned, as by it the severest stigma is most unbecomingly stamped on those that it were the vilest slander to apply to individually; and certainly of whose approbation and applause my *Votary of Thesis* would be proud, and whose censure or commendation is as often an undeniable testimony of worth or its opposite, as the most laboured efforts of critical sagacity or taste. My knowledge of Latin is as limited as my use of it, and I boast not of perfection in either; my consolation shall be that I know sufficient of the English language to counteract the ill effects of its misapplication in others.

Gentlemen, I have done, and I shall now close this involuntary, but very necessary trespass on your readers—unprofitable as this discussion may be, it is nevertheless a duty I owe myself, and which it would be a misfortune I should ever neglect to render, where such strong necessity demands it, the end of my displeasure is long since digested, to continue a metaphor at best but a poor one;—that the effect on others may be truly salutary is my wish—and you now judge. In the universal language of Shakespeare, before retiring I can only say to your Votary of Thesis, with all the qualification of peace and good feeling, "Go on, I'll follow thee!" D.

An old eastern tradition says, that while Adam and Eve were in the happy garden, there was sent down to them a present, consisting of twelve baskets filled with chit chat, and that the baskets being emptied, the contents were scattered about the garden. It happened in the mean time that Adam, being rather in a pensive thoughtful mood, paid less attention to this present than his partner did, so that he gathered but only three baskets full, while Eve nimble collected, and can fully laid away for her use the other nine. The natural consequence was that the stock of small talk, which woman have, is in comparison with that of men, as nine to three.

Commerce, like Religion, is viewed by many only through the medium of its abuses. In all its legitimate operations it is the promoter of peace, of liberty and of civilization. While it supplies the conveniences and luxuries of life, it makes the people of one country acquainted with those of another, and wears away those national prejudices which are too often the cause of jealousy and war. In addition to this it creates an extensive and powerful interest in favour of peace. All commercial countries are reciprocally customers to each other, and he is a poor calculator who does not study to be on friendly terms with his customers.

ON A GAMING HOUSE.

To this dark cave three gates pertain,
Hope, Infamy, and Death, we know;
'Tis by the first you entrance gain,
By the two last alone you go.

THE OLIO.

"Variety is the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

A crusty old bachelor sends on the following by way of compliment to the ladies:

We men have our faults;
The women have but none—
There's nothing good they say,
There's nothing good they do.

Answers to the Quizzical Querist.

1. A good one guides Miss, the other misguides.
2. Because it is breaking through the ceiling.
3. Because it is placed between two c's.
4. A corner.
5. Because it forms our habits.
6. Because he can supply you with dates.

DANTE.

As this great poet was passing St. Peter's Gate, in Florence, he heard a Blacksmith singing his verses as he worked at his anvil, and, miserably transforming and mangleing them. Dante walked into the shop, and without saying any thing began to throw the man's tools into the street. The smith starting up with a menacing gesture, asked him if he were mad, or what was he about. "I may rather ask what are you about," rejoined the poet. "I am minding my business," said the man, "and I wish you would do the same, and not spoil my tools in the way you are doing." "Well," said Dante, "if you will not spoil my things, I will not spoil yours." "What things of yours have I spoiled?" asked the man. "My verses," replied the poet—"you were singing out of my book, and did not sing it as I wrote it." The man, astonished, made no reply, but picking up his tools resumed his work, and for the time to come left off Dante.

L. I. D.

We scarce ever see the abbreviation of *Doctor of Laws* written correctly. Almost uniformly a period is placed after each letter, whereas the sense plainly shows that it should only be after the second L. Many are ignorant of, and have made many suppositions concerning, the meaning of two L's. For general information on this important subject, we state that the L. is doubled because the word it signifies is plural, in the same manner as MSS. stands for manuscript, MSS. for manuscripts. So that when in the typography the L's are separated by a period, it is extremely erroneous, as in that case it would lead us to suppose, that the title indicated two different arts, as several have supposed it to mean *Doctor of Learning and Love*.

A few years since, at Brighton, Sir John Esdaile, a trifling wagger, undertook to carry Lord Cholmondeley, on his back, from opposite the Pavilion, twice round the Steine. Several ladies attended to be spectators of this extraordinary feat of the dwarf carrying a giant. When his lordship declared himself ready, Sir John desired him to strip. "Strip," exclaimed the other, "Why surely you promised to carry me in my clothes!"—"By no means," replied the baronet: "I engaged to carry you, but not an inch of clothes; so, therefore, my lord, make ready, and let us not disappoint the public." After much laughable altercation, it was at length decided that Sir John had won his wager, the peer declining to exhibit!

Anecdotes,

Epitaphs, Epigrams and Whims,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,
By a Correspondent.

Celia her sex's little shams;
Her tongue no fable of larum runs:
Two phrases answer every part,
One gain'd, one breaks her husband's heart:
I will—she said, when made a bride,
I would—through all her life beside.

You're a fool, mutters Harry; says Thomas, that's true!
So must every one be, that expects sense from you.

ODDITIES.

A man and his wife, and a son, and a cat, and a cock, and a hen, and three pigeons, and four pigs, and a large bear, and a badger, all live snugly in a single room in Chester, about three yards square. The improve the salubrity of their curable apartment by the fragrant trade of smoking herrings.

Encouragement to Printers.

When the late Mr. Holt first established a news paper in New York, one of his earliest subscribers happened to be a person from the vicinity of Albany, who was rich, but of a narrow, penurious disposition. In the course of the first year the printer sent him the account of the yearly subscription, requesting it might be discharged by the first opportunity. No answer, however, came; and things ran on in the same manner for the term of eighteen years. At the conclusion of this time Mr. Holt, as may well be supposed, being out of all patience with his customer, had the whole account made out and sent to him, adding at the foot thereof if he would not pay, he would discontinue sending any more newspapers. The subscriber, having read over the account when presented, exclaimed, "I had an ugly, tedious man I have to do with! I was one of the very first that encouraged his paper by subscribing, and this is the return he makes me!"

The Cornish Vicar.

A Cornish Vicar while he preach'd,
Of patient Job did speak—
When he came home found to his grief,
His cash had sprung a leak.

Enraged—his wife did thus advise,
"Job for a pattern choose!"
But he replied, "Job ne'er had such
A tub of ale to lose!"

Some men of the greatest talents have taken delight in composing or endeavouring to unravel riddles—than Swift is a case in point. Sir William Smith, the learned Irish Baron of the Exchequer, at one time spent two days in considering the answer to this conundrum: Why is an egg underdone like an egg overdone? He would not suffer any one to give him the answer, which he at last discovered. It is a tolerable pun enough. Because they are both *hardy* done.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a constant pair below,
Who knew not matrimonial woe,
And ne'er expressed a wish to part;
Love the sole regent of each heart.
Without a cloud their minutes roll'd,
And life's last sands were sands of gold.
What precious grains! what charming weather
You ask how long they liv'd together!
From good authority I speak
They lived together—one whole week!

On Matrimony—an Epigram.

Tom praised his friend, who changed his state,
For binding fast himself and Kate
In union so divine
"Wedlock's the end of life," he cried,
Too true, alas! said Jack and sigh'd,
"Till be the end of mine."

"One of the neatest Epigrams I recollect is that of the famous David Garrick, the celebrated actor, on Dr. Hall, a physician and dramatic author—
"You physic and farce, his equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

Philadelphia Directory—for 1823.

THE public are respectfully informed that the publication of a Directory, at the commencement (say first month) of the ensuing year. The orthography, which has heretofore been the source of so many errors, shall be particularly attended to, and every exertion used to make it correct. Having, during the last 25 years, been more or less engaged in a manner conducive to a thorough acquaintance with the materials of what ought to form a correct Directory, the Editor presumes his present undertaking will be found, at least inferior to none of his predecessors. He disclaims all participation in former Directories, as well as Supplements, Revised Editions, &c.

It would be altogether useless to say any thing relative to the utility of a Directory—no house, public or private, should be without one, much less those in business.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of Five Dollars per page—half a page \$3; quarter of a page \$2.

Any subscriber on pointing out a mistake (making allowance for the time at which the name was taken) may return the book and receive his money. It is supposed that the work will contain near 600 pages, and delivered to subscribers at \$1 50 per copy. No more copies than are subscribed for shall be struck off.

PATRICK FEENEY, Printer.

may 25—4f

PORTER, ALE and CIDER.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he continues to bottle PORTER, ALE and CIDER, of the choicest quality, for home consumption or exportation, at his stand No. 50 MARKET STREET, next cellar above the Washington Museum. JOHN C. RUHLMAN.

may 25—6m

LEATHER STORE.

ABRAHAM WYNEMORE, at No. 53 FINE STREET, Philadelphia, has constantly on hand, an assortment of LEATHER, which he can dispose of as low, for cash or approved notes, as can be obtained in the city.

oct 20—3m

TRAP BALL.

THIS entertaining game and pleasing exercise may be enjoyed every Monday afternoon, at the "Traveller's Rest," in Broad street, between Chestnut and Walnut. Traps, Bats and Balls may be had for select parties or promiscuous companies at any time. Refreshments of the first quality at the Bar.

REUBEN TRAVELLER.

may 25—4f

CHARLES M'ARTHUR,

Silk, Woollen, and Cotton Dyer, &c. &c. CONTINUES at the old established stand, No. 31 UNION STREET—where all orders in his line will be punctually attended to.

Cloth, Silk Dresses and Shawls, &c. dyed to any shade or pattern, at a short notice, and at very moderate prices.

feb 2—4f

MAHOGANY.

JOHN JAMES, Jun. Cabinet, Chair and Venetian Blind Maker, No. 28 North Fifth street, a few doors above the sign of the White Horse, and next door to the sign of the Lamb, has for sale, MAHOGANY in Plank, Boards and Veneers. Also, CO. PAL, JAPAN and SPIRIT VARNISH, and GLUE. N. B. Orders promptly executed on reasonable terms.

2 mo 2 if

GEORGE ALLCHIN,

BOOK BINDER and GILDER on the edges of Books, Letter and Folio Paper. Paper blacked on the edges for mourning, at No. 103 Vine Street, third door above Fifth Street, north side—Where he continues to manufacture Backgammon Tables and Chess Boards.

Orders from any part of the United States executed on reasonable terms.

mar. 4—4f

DAVID COGGINS,

AT HIS LEATHER and HIDE STORE, No. 80, Chesnut Street, has just received, by the late arrivals, and for sale at the lower terms, large supplies of SPANISH HIDES, of various qualities, well selected and in fine order.

N. B.—Joseph Coggins has on hand 2000 pairs City made strong Shoes, first and second quality, wholesale or retail.

may 11—4f

FIRE ENGINE.

A FIRST rate Fire Engine, built by Perkins & Bacon in 1817, of the new construction, throwing two streams of water, and warranted in complete repair, for sale. Apply to

BENJAMIN KITE, Jr.
No. 20, North Third Street.
WILLIAM SAVERY.
No. 20, North Fifth Street.
JAMES HANSELL.
No. 3, North Sixth Street.

may 11—6f

JEHU WARD,

CLOCK and WATCH MAKER, No. 42 Market Street, between Front and Second, south side, has for sale, an assortment of warranted Watches, together with Chains, Seals and Keys, of various descriptions. Also, Silver Table and Tea Spoons, at reduced prices. Clocks, Watches, &c. repaired on the most reasonable terms, and warranted to perform.

aug 18—4f

Tobacco, Snuff and Segars

MANUFACTURED on reasonable terms by the Subscriber, at the North East Corner of Callowhill and Front Streets; where those having manufactured Tobacco on hand will find their interest to apply.

N. B.—The above articles, of a good quality, for sale, on commission.

april 20—6m

Silk, Cotton and Woollen Dyer.

S. WILLIAMSON, No. 38, North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, respectfully informs the Dry Good Merchants, that he still continues the above business, of Dying French and Canton Crapes, Levantines, Mantua and Florence Silks, Battins, Velvets, Gauzes, Sewing Silks, Ribbands, &c. and restores Silks to their original colours, Bombazines, Bombazettes, Poplins, Broad Cloths, Cassimeres, Waterloo Shawls Dyed, Pressed or Sponged, and every article of Clothing.

S. W. flatters himself, from his long experience in the above business, all those who may favor him with their orders he hopes he will be able to give general satisfaction.

jan 12—6m

WM. WALLACE,

No 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET, Has Received of the late Arrivals, A variety of Mens', Womens' and Children's Hats and Bonnets, which will be sold by the case, dozen or otherwise, as low as they can be bought in the city.

Also, Fashionable Winter Bonnets, White Chip and American Straw do. Feathers, Flowers, Ribbands, Trimmings, &c.

1 case super. black and colored Bombazines, 1 do. Elegant Merino Shawls and Scarfs, 3 do. Mackin and Canton Crapes, 1 do. new style Merino pattern Furniture Chints, Irish Linens, Sheetings, and Diapers.

An assortment of French and India Silks, Lace Veils, Shawls, &c. 4 4 English Carpeting, 4 4 English Ingrain Hemp do. a new and superior article.

With a variety of other articles in the Dry Goods and Millinery line.

dec 23—4f

Old Columbian Coach Line, FOR NEW-YORK.



Through in Twelve Hours.

VIA Bordentown and South Amboy, and only 30 miles land carriage, over a gravel turnpike. First line leaves the upper side of Market street wharf, every morning, at 6 o'clock, and arrives in New-York by steam boat Olive Branch, at six o'clock same evening. Breakfast and dine on board. Fare only \$4.

Second line leaves the same wharf every day, (Sundays excepted) at 2 o'clock, P. M. Take coach at Bordentown, proceed to Perry's Hotel, South Amboy, where they lodge, and from thence by steam boat to New-York, where they arrive at 10 o'clock next morning. Fare only \$3 50.

This line is inferior to none between the two cities as the coaches are all new, good horses, with careful drivers. The proprietors therefore solicit a share of public patronage.

For seats apply at Yoho's Hotel, North Fourth street, C. Bailey, U. S. Mail and Citizens Coach Office, No. 30, south Third street, and at the steam boat office, No. 3, Market street.

John Bowman, } AGENTS FOR
Joseph E. Fisher, }

Chester Bailey, Wm. Arnel & Co.

may 11—4f PROPRIETORS.

JAMES B. WOOD,

43 SPRUCE, between Front and Second streets, (Near the Drawbridge, Philadelphia.)

MANUFACTURES and keeps constantly on hand, the Patent Wheat Fan, and the old Dutch Fan; likewise, Fans for cleaning Coffee and Rice, and all other Grain.

CUTTING BOXES, of a superior kind, may be had as above, and others of all sorts and sizes. FARMING UTENSILS, of every description, for sale at reasonable prices.

Orders for Shipping, or other purposes, will be supplied at the shortest notice, on moderate terms.

feb 23—4f

TO LET,

A two story House in Sixth street, on the west side, first above the Millpond Bridge, containing two rooms on each floor, with two garrets, (one of which is plastered,) two good dry cellars, and a pump of excellent water at the door, in a healthy pleasant situation, one mile and a half from the city, opposite the Phoenix tavern. Enquire on the premises, or of Mr. Escherich, No. 9 North Fifth street.

april 13—4f

HAT STORE,

NO. 24 NORTH THIRD STREET, Philadelphia. C. P. WILLMARTH offers to the public, whose patronage he solicits, Water-Proof Imitation Beaver Hats, which are surpassed by none, in cheapness and durability.

oct 27—4f

ALEXANDER PARKER,

RESPECTFULLY acquaints the public, that he has a general assortment of the first quality Garden and Flower Seeds for sale, at the MOYAMENSING BOTANIC GARDEN, Prime street, Love lane, near Eleventh street. Also, a large collection of Green House and Hardy Plants, Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, with a fine selection of Bulbous Roots. Orders, per post, or left at No. 40 George street, Southwark, will be punctually attended to.

may 25—4f

THE SUBSCRIBER

OFFERS for sale, at his Manufactory, No. 36 Carters Alley, a few doors from Third at directly opposite Girard's Bank, an extensive supply of BOOTS and SHOES, of various kinds and qualities. Also, a handsome assortment of Eastern Shoes.

feb 2—4f JOSEPH COGGINS.

JOHN M'CLOUD, 46 Market street,

Keeps constantly on hand, a large and general assortment of Ready made HATS, which he will sell at very reduced prices. Customers supplied at a short notice, on reasonable terms.

feb 2—4f

JAMES BIRD,

BOOT and SHOEMAKER, NO. 25 North Third street, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has commenced the Boot and Shoemaking business, and trusts by strict attention to merit a share of public patronage.

feb 2—4f

BALM OF COLUMBIA,

An important recent Chemical discovery. T H ladies and gentlemen of this city and elsewhere, are respectfully informed, that John Oldridge has fortunately discovered, by the power of chemistry, the grand desideratum of preventing Hair from falling off in FORTY-EIGHT HOURS.

This balm will most absolutely, in the course of a short time, make the Hair grow healthy and thick. J. O. is well aware that many fraudulent and impious Oils, &c. have been imposed on the public, and therefore prejudice will be severe against his discovery, until trial shall convince his patrons that such a thing exists in nature as a certain preventative against the loss of hair. This valuable balm will cause whiskers and beards to grow rapidly. No danger need be apprehended to the human system by the application of this capillary restorative. The public may rest assured that it helps nature, and is perfectly harmless.

Persons desirous of becoming agents for the sale of the Balm of Columbia, will please address the proprietor by letter, (post paid), with a suitable reference.

Prepared and sold, at \$1 a pint, or 30 cents for a half pint bottle, by JOHN OLDIDGE, No. 553 South Front street, and at No. 11 North Fourth street, Philadelphia.

RECOMMENDATION.

WE, the undersigned, do hereby certify, that we have, in various cases, used the Balm of Columbia, lately discovered by John Oldridge, of Philadelphia, and have found it highly serviceable not only as a preventative against the falling off of hair, but also as a restorative. We, therefore, feel assured of its excellence, and consider it valuable and well worthy the attention of the public. In testimony whereof, we have added our respective signatures, and given it our warmest recommendation.

Abraham J. Robinson, 55 South Front street.
Cromwell French, 1 Taylor's alley, S. Front st.
John Fink, Plum street, between 3d and 4th.
John Cook, 35 Penn street.

The proprietor is in possession of many other respectable certificates, which he does not deem necessary to publish, but invites the public to call and see them.

may 30—4f

WALDREN BEACH,

MANUFACTURES and has for sale, in Wholesale quantities, the following articles:—Cabs, Canisters and Roll Blacking—Windsor Soap, and Wash Balls—Pomatum, Ink Powder, Glass Paper, &c. &c.

N. B. The Manufacturer will sell in Wholesale quantities only, to Stores, and those wishing to Retail.

feb 2—4f

Samuel Mason, jun.

CLOCK and WATCH MAKER, has Removed from No. 167 Chestnut street to No. 349 Market street, north side, between Sixth and Seventh streets, where he offers for sale, an assortment of warranted patent Lever, Repeating & Plain Watches. Also, Gold, Gilt and Steel Chains, Seals & Keys. Clocks and Watches carefully repaired. feb 2—4f

CLOCK & WATCH MAKING.

SAMUEL HUCKEL, Clock and Watch Maker, No. 38, South Street, a few doors above Front Street, has for sale, Clocks and Watches, Chains, Seals and Keys, Jewellery, &c. &c. * Clocks and Watches carefully repaired and warranted. april 28—6m

TO RENT,

A CARPENTER'S SHOP, in a central situation and an excellent stand for business, having been occupied as such for a number of years past. For further information inquire of the printers. For sale cheap, a large bulk Window, sliding sash, cases of drawers, doors, School Desks and Benches, &c. Apply as above may 4—6f

Hamilton Village Inn.

ROBERT SHAW, Victualler, respectfully informs his friends and the public, and brother Victuallers, that he has taken the above Establishment for the accommodation of those who may honour him with their custom. Good and sufficient Sheds for Horses, together with Pens for Sheep, and accommodations for Drivers, Farmers, Waggoners, &c. nov 17—4f

10,000 Cypress Shingles.

FOR SALE, by the Subscriber, 10,000 Cypress Shingles, dressed and undressed, which he offers at moderate prices, in lots to suit purchasers. MICHAEL PEPPER, No. 232 Catharine street.

Also, 300 lights of SASH, 8 by 10, and a large quantity of ICE for sale. Apply as above. april 27—6f

ANDREW MOORE'S

TOOTH BRUSH MANUFACTORY, No. 119 North Third street, above Race street, Philadelphia, where he offers for sale, Tooth Brushes, of a superior quality. Also, Fancy and Common Brushes, wholesale and retail, on the most reasonable terms. All orders thankfully received, and punctually attended to. april 6—4f

QUILL MANUFACTORY.

KEYMORRIS & HAGEDORN, No. 41 Chesnut, Philadelphia, has on hand and offers for sale, all kinds of Clarified Yellow and White Manufactured QUILLS, from \$2 50 to \$25 the thousand. feb 2—4f

ROBERT S. ENGLISH,

HOUSE CARPENTER, No. 31, Strawberry street, carries on all the various branches of Carpentry, on very reasonable terms for CASH. He will warrant his work to be equal, both for durability and elegance, to any in the city. PACKING BOXES made at the shortest notice.

* All orders thankfully received and promptly executed. may 18—4f

A. NICHOLLS, Saw-Maker,

NO. 118 SOUTH FRONT STREET, HAS lately commenced manufacturing SAWS of various descriptions, such as Cast steel and German Hand and Panel Saws, Cast steel and German Iron-back Saws, Brass-back Saws, &c. Wood Saw Saws, Breaking, Turning and Chair Webs, Lock and Key-hole Saws, Circular Saws, &c. &c. Circular Saws, with Spindle complete, got up in the neatest manner.

Cotton Gin Saws, made to any pattern or order. All the above Saws, in point of temper and workmanship, is warranted superior to any imported, which will be sold, wholesale or retail, cheap for cash. Also, on hand, a Stock of MECHANICS TOOLS, in general. feb 2—4f

Money to Loan on Mortgage.

SEVERAL Sums of different amounts, from one thousand to fifty thousand Dollars, to Loan on approved security in the City or County of Philadelphia. Apply to ISAAC ELLIOTT, No. 82 Chesnut street. feb 2—4f

R. L. JENNINGS,

GIVES lessons upon his system of SHORT HAND, at No. 3 South Eighth street. Ladies or Gentlemen desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of this art, may be assured, that from its simplicity, a person of ordinary capacity will, in less than two weeks, be able to read and write it correctly and expeditiously. feb 23—4f

S. Page & C. P. Lisle,

BROKERS, SCRIVENERS AND ACCOUNTANTS, No. 8, South Fifth street. Persons having money to put out at interest, may be accommodated with a variety of property in the city or county—Also, bills, bonds, and notes of hand discounted at their office, where Real Estate of every description, Mortgages, Military Lands, Stock and Ground Rents, are bought and sold on Commission; Naturalization Papers for Aliens drawn; Pensions secured; Mechanics' Books posted; Insolvents' Petitions drawn, and their business attended to throughout; Writings of all kinds correctly executed; Money always to be had on good security; and generally in the performance of all duties or services, wherein the aid of an agent or attorney, may be convenient or useful.

N. B. A Register of Real Estate, &c. kept open for inspection and insertion. Twenty five cents charge for an entry. Jan. 12—6m

VENETIAN BLINDS,

MADE, painted, and fitted up in the best possible manner, at the Columbian Shade Manufactory, No. 104, North Fifth Street, Philadelphia, cheap for cash, or in exchange for Merchandise. As the subscriber devotes the whole of his time to this business, he flatters himself that he can give better satisfaction to his employers than those who are involved in a labyrinth of professions. Orders from any part of the country executed with fidelity and despatch, by the public's faithful servant, JOHN YATMAN.

Jan. 12—6m

NO. 57, MARKET STREET.

Cast Steel Scythes, Sickles, &c. THE most approved makes of Grass and Corn SCYTHES, cut and wrought NAILS, with a general assortment of HARDWARE and CUTLERY, for sale by the Subscriber, cheap for cash, Wholesale or Retail.

april 27—4f Thomas Shipley.

THE SUBSCRIBER

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand at his Manufactory, No. 43 South Front street, a large assortment of BASS SIDE DRUMS, TAMBOURINES, &c. which he will dispose of on the most moderate terms.

THOMAS YOUNG. feb 2—4f

SILVEIRA & BROWNE,

WOOLEN DRAPEES and TAILORS, No. 83, South Second Street, between Norris's and Gray's Alleys, respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have now on hand a handsome assortment of superfine Black and Blue Cloths, with a variety of other fashionable colours; a fine assortment of Cassimeres and Vestings of the latest fashion; together with Drilling, Stripes, &c. Any of the above will be made to order on the most reasonable terms, and as they are provided with the best workmen, they flatter themselves they will be able to give satisfaction to those who may favour them with their custom.

may 11—4f

Impediments of Speech.

W. CHAPMAN, No. 127, Pine street, Philadelphia, having cured himself of the impediment of extending the like bridle, and being troubled with Stuttering or Stammering, it is particularly requested that his cure should only be made between the hours of 9 and 5 in the morning and the same hours in the evening. All letters must be post paid. may 11—4f

NEW HARDWARE.

JUST received, and for sale by the subscriber, a general assortment of FINEST English Cast Steel and Drawn Steel, Axes, Anvils and Vices, Curry Combs of all sorts, and Spades, Badgers, Chain Traces, Post Rowbills, Red-screws, Single and Double Flaming Pieces, Shot-makers' Pincers, Trunk and Nod Locks, Single and Double Padlocks, Drawer, Dead, and Horn Locks, Knitting Pins, Tin'd Rivets, Mandrels, and Shad Twine, Thumb Lamps, Candlesticks, Straw Knives, Patent Lamps, Candlesticks, Pins, Gimblets, Flints, Knives and Small Cutlery, and a variety of other articles in the Hardware line. BENJAMIN RICHARDSON, No. 47 Market street. april 13—4f

THE BUSINESS.